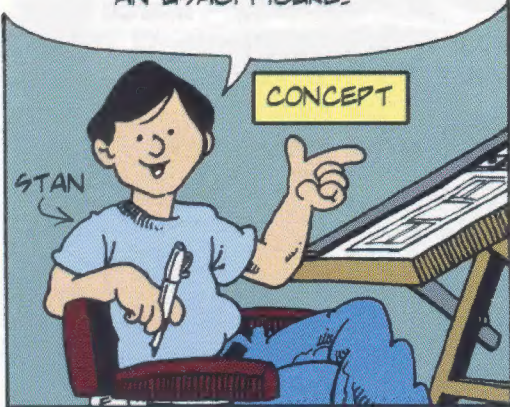


I'D LIKE TO DO
AN USAGI FIGURE!

CONCEPT

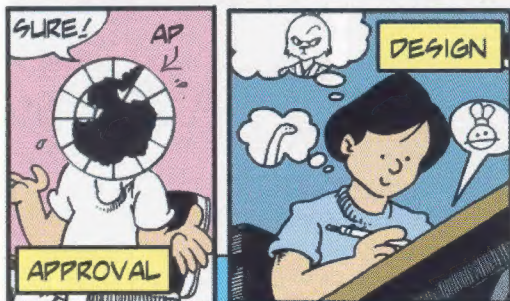
STAN



SURE!

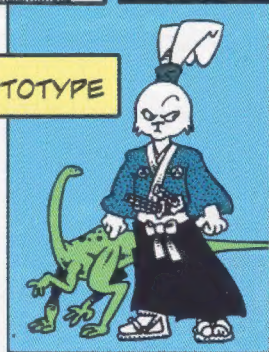
AP

DESIGN



APPROVAL

PROTOTYPE



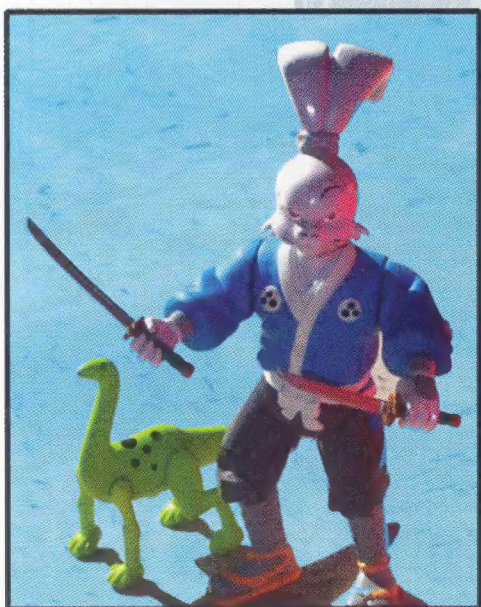
USAGI YOJIMBO



ACTION FIGURE

YES, IT IS FINALLY HERE!
THE OFFICIAL, DESIGNED BY
CREATOR STAN SAKAI HIMSELF
USAGI YOJIMBO AND SPOT
FIGURE SET!

NO CONSTIPATED GRIMACE...
NO "YOJIMBO AKIMBO..."
JUST THE MAJESTY AND
GLORY OF THE ORIGINAL
SAMURAI RABBIT!



ANTARCTIC

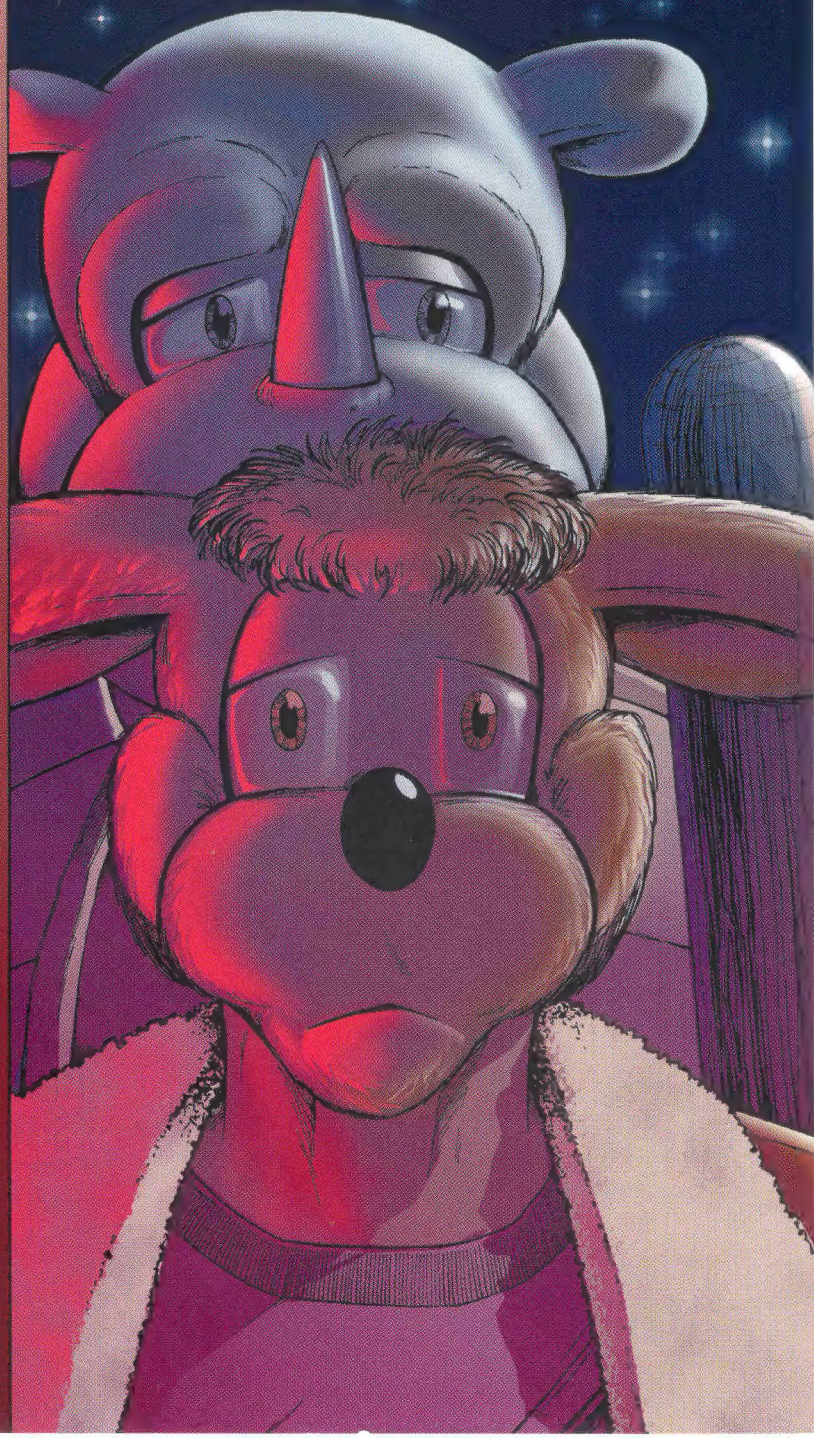


PRESS
TOYS



MARTIN WAGNER'S Hepcats

NUMBER 8 MARCH 1998



Antarctic Blast

March 1998

Write to us at: Antarctic Press/7272 Wurzbach, #204/San Antonio, TX 78240
Visit our web site at: <http://www.antarctic-press.com>

ANTARCTIC PRESS ATTRACTIONS (SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

March 1998 ATTRACTIONS

Shotgun Mary #1
Shotgun Mary Leather Jacket Figure
Shotgun Mary T-Shirt
Silver Cross #3
Warrior Nun:
Black and White #8
Lilith #1
Lilith Action Figure
Warrior Nun #5
Robotech #7
Gold Digger #39
Hepcats #7
Hepcats #8
Helter Skelter #6
Nosferatu #4 (Venus)

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March Madness! by Joeming W. Dunn, MD

If you have been reading my editorials these past few years, you may have realized I am a sports nut. This time of year is especially exciting for me because of MARCH MADNESS. That's when 64 colleges enter the basketball championship tournament to decide who becomes national champion. This tournament is great because it's a SINGLE ELIMINATION tournament—once you lose, you're out. No best of seven or round-robin elimination crap. It makes for good drama because even a small school can win this tournament. It rarely happens, but it gets people excited about even the remote possibility of an upset. So don't try to reach me during the tournament...I'm rooting for Princeton!

Congrats to Brian Denham and Lee Ann Garner, who tied the knot on February 13th. They must be crazy because (1) they got married on Friday the 13th and (2) they both work in the comic industry.

Recently, Marvel Entertainment had a contest for retailers. It basically asked "If you were editor-in-chief...what story ideas and creative teams would you make?" Since I'm not just a publisher, but also a retailer (our store is called Excalibur Comics and Videos and is located in San Antonio), I thought, "Why not enter?" I had several ideas, including the following.

a) ROM the Space Knight and Men in Black crossover—I thought it would be cool if ROM and the MIB duo both went after some sinister Dire Wraith.

b) Marvel characters back in time—What would it be like if Spider-Man was a spy during World War II, Captain America fought during the Civil War, or

Mutants existed during the Salem witch trials?

I had some other ideas too, but I can't remember them now. In any case, I got a call from Marvel, who said they appreciated the ideas so much that they were going to send me a prize. I mentioned the fact that I won a contest at Marvel before and didn't have a pleasant experience. When I was kid I collected a series called *The Human Fly* about a stuntman. They had a contest to design your own stunt for a page of original artwork. When *The Human Fly* #19 came out, there was my name stating my entry as a winner. Needless to say, I didn't get squat. Well, this time they did send some very nice prizes which I appreciate and now have displayed in my office.

Despite the fact that the comic industry in general is in a slump, we have seen efforts among publishers to try to get some excitement back in the industry. We even have some fun stuff coming up in conjunction with DARK HORSE COMICS, associated with the FLAMING CARROT and USAGI YOJIMBO action figures we are producing. I love the stuff DARK HORSE does. It has diversity and quality in its line from *manga* to *STAR WARS*. Of course, I still have a copy of *BORIS THE BEAR*, published in the old days of DARK HORSE.

We have also licensed the RAZOR action figure from LONDON NIGHT STUDIOS. Look for it in October of this year. As of this writing, the WARRIOR NUN AREALA: OVA figure should be in your local comic store.

Until next time.

HEPCATS WWW PAGE BY DENISE VOSKUIL-MARRE

<http://www.mcs.net/~dvoskuil/hepcats/>

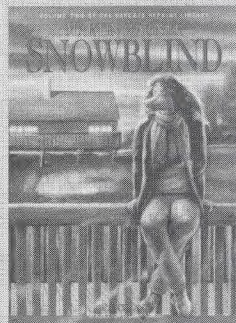
Hepcats no. 8, March 1998, is published by the Antarctic Press, 7272 Wurzbach Suite #204, San Antonio, Texas, 78240. FAX#:(210)614-5029. Hepcats and all related characters are TM and © 1998 Martin Wagner/Rhinoceros Studios. All other material is TM and © 1998 Antarctic Press. No similarity to any character(s) and/or place(s) is intended, and any similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing from this book may be reproduced without the express written consent of the creator, except for purposes of review or promotion. "I like romantics but I don't like Steven."—Gary Numan. Print run: 4,500. Printed by Brenner Printing, San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.

get it here

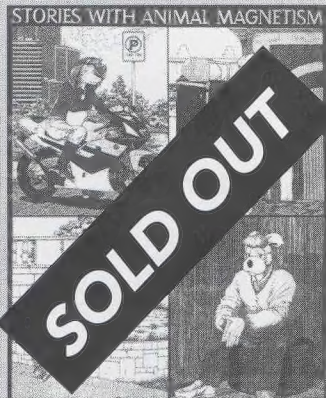
Be honest with yourself. You know your life is a meaningless lie until you muster the fortitude to grab that checkbook and get your hands on some of this magnificent Hepmerchandise we have to offer you here! Let the feeding frenzy begin!



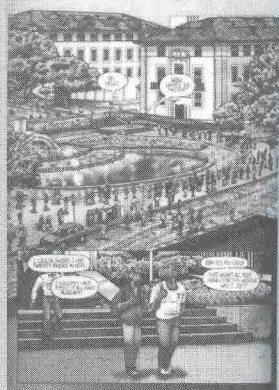
RADIO HEPCATS COMPACT DISC. Throw those old Bee Gees 8-tracks away! These are the songs all the heppiest people are getting into and off to. 63 minutes of aural bliss from 9 artists. Comes packaged with the limited edition of #0. **\$13.00 US/\$16.50 Can./Foreign**



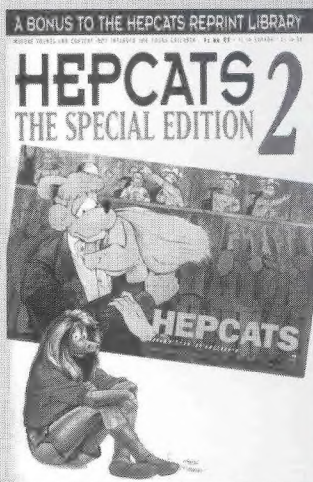
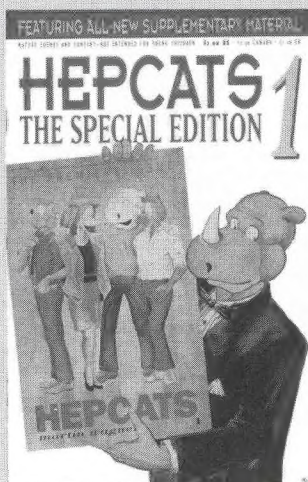
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STORIES WITH ANIMAL MAGNETISM T-SHIRT. Highly detailed white-on-black design gave the silk-screeners fits; sorry, shorties, it's only available in XL. **\$20 US/\$26 Can./Foreign**



PORTFOLIO PRINT SERIES. Previously available only on the Hepcats web page, this is a set of five full-size, 11"x14" B&W (not color) reproductions of art from Hepcats #0. Autographed and numbered by Martin! Only 200 sets available, so act fast! **\$12 US/\$15 Can./\$20 Foreign**



ORIGINAL DOUBLE DIAMOND PRESS EDITIONS Martin self-published a dozen issues before coming aboard at AP, and you collectors and curiosity seekers can still get some. These all feature art, covers, letters, and miscellaneous stuff that won't be in the AP versions, and quantities (especially of #11 and #12) are limited.
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Hepcats Snowblind

CREATED, WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY

MARTIN WAGNER

COVER COLORED BY PAT KELLEY

Chapter 6

Super Heroes

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY

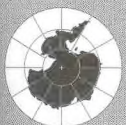
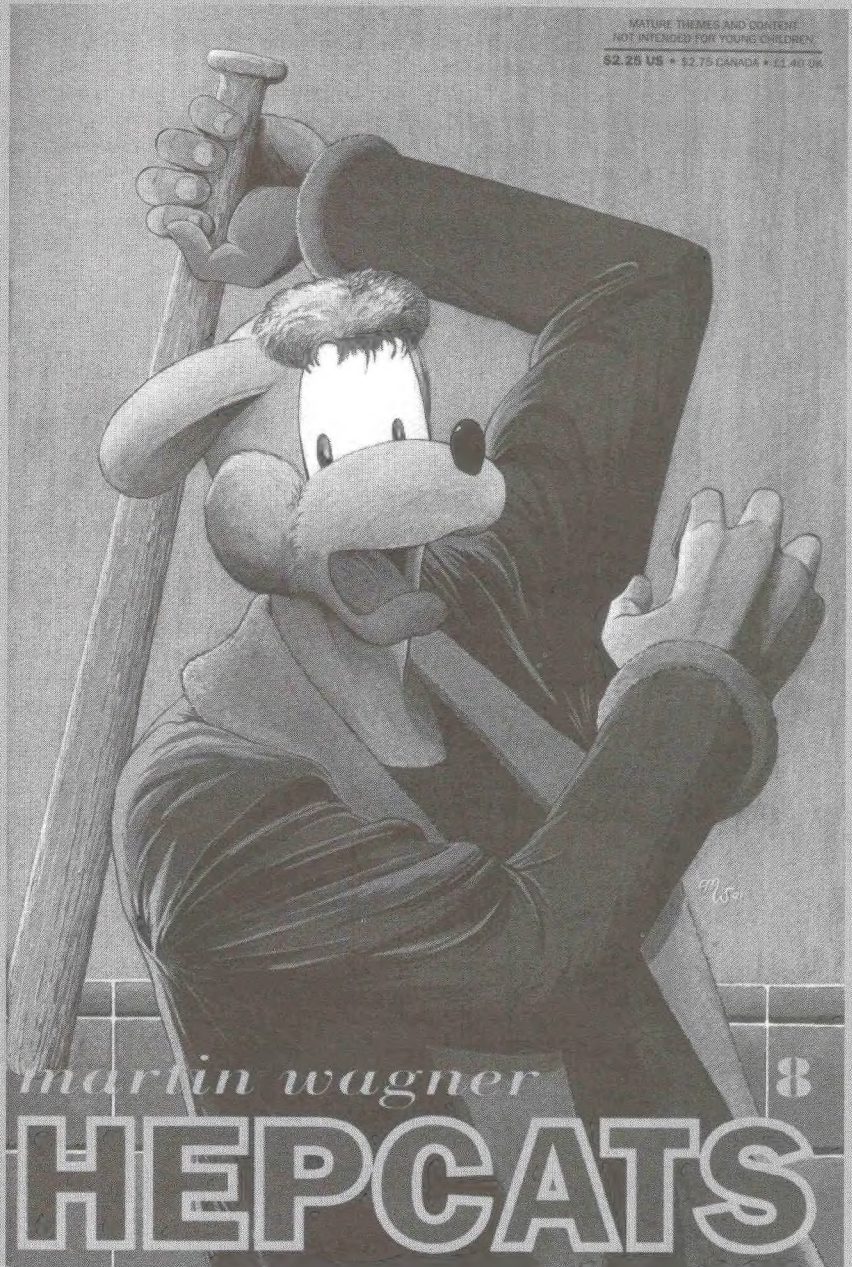
DOUBLE DIAMOND PRESS, DECEMBER 1991

WAY OF THE WORLD PROLOGUE

DRAWN AT RHINOCEROS STUDIOS,
AUSTIN, TEXAS, WINTER 1997

ISSUE NUMBER 8

MARCH 1998



ANTARCTIC PRESS
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

HEPCATS 8

CREATOR'S COMMENTARY TO 1998 EDITION

(These introductions are provided by Martin Wagner as exclusives to the Antarctic Press reprints of *Hepcats*' first 12 issues. You might want to read the story beforehand, to avoid possible spoilers.)

This is the first issue where the Decline and Fall of the Regular Schedule really became an entrenched reality back in the selfpub days, and this circumstance was specifically solidified by my divorce—unconscionably painful at the time but quite clearly the best thing that ever happened to me. In debt up past my receding hairline, it was all I could do to get a book out at all, which, of course, cut no mustard with the self-appointed schedule watchdogs on the Internet who have either never heard of money or have so much of it they can't imagine why it would be a problem.

But that's all water under a bridge I've long since joyfully burned. (Wow! Multiple clichés in one sentence!) What's really noteworthy about this issue is that, of all the sequences in *Snowblind*, it is the one most directly taken from a real life event. (I've told this story before, so if you've heard it, skip if you like.)

Late in 1988, as I was first dating my ex and before we'd moved in together, her apartment was broken into by some weirdo who'd been hanging around the place, not exactly being threatening but certainly being odd (which, if you ask me, is worse; at least with a psycho you know what you're dealing with). He rummaged around, swiped some nondescript items of negligible value, and left his calling card in the form of some used condoms in the bathroom trash can. We decided it was for the best for Tif to get the fuck out of the apartment. So, later after the break-in had happened, and after the cops had come, done cop stuff, and gone, Tif, myself, and my best-friend-at-the-time Dave (who was the DJ at the topless bar where she worked—ooh, I have a most colorful past, my little ones) headed back to her apartment to pick up some clothes and stuff that she'd need to tide her over staying at my place a few days. This was at about 4:00 in the morning.

As it happened, the guy was there.

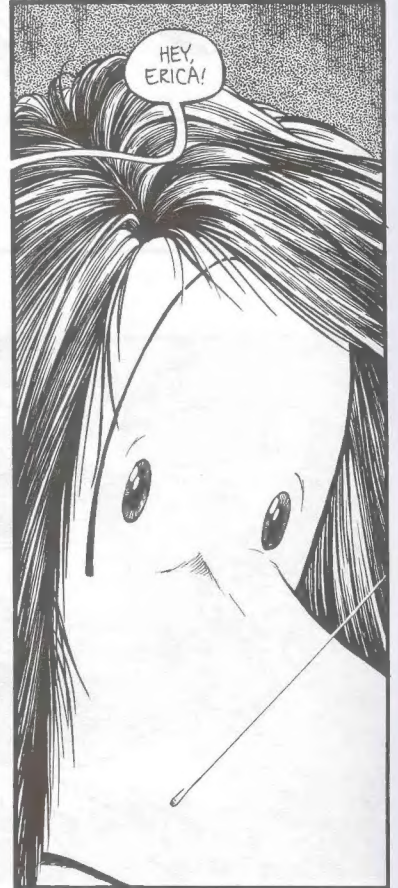
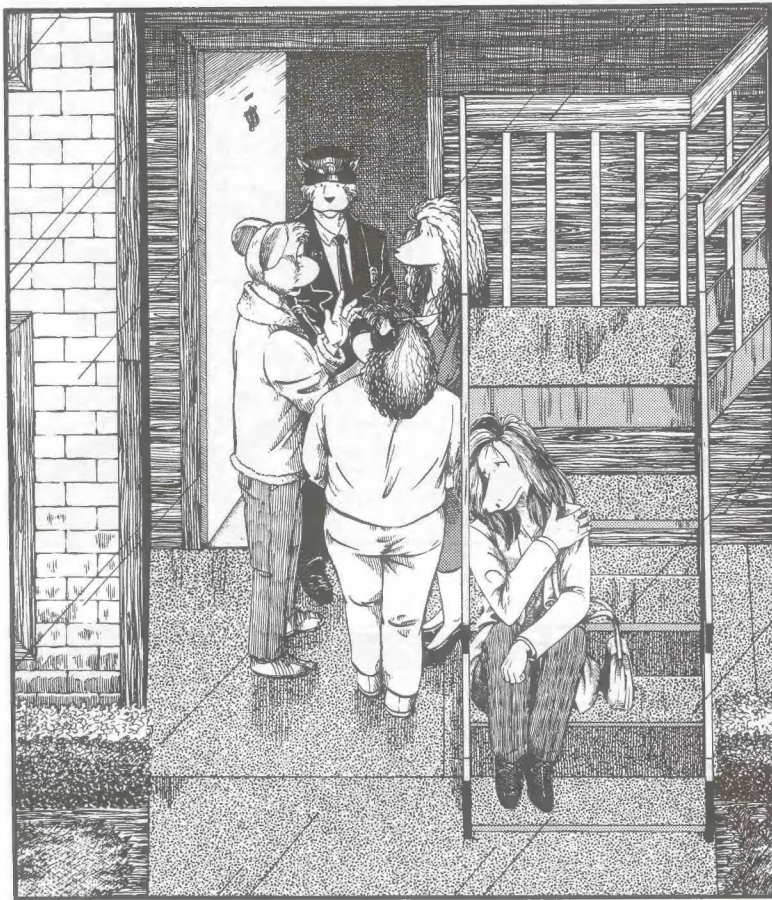
Not exactly *there*, as in *inside the place*. He was evidently surveilling the apartment from across the parking lot, watching us as we went in. I didn't see this; Dave did. I, like the chivalrous moron I can be when the prospect of getting some great pussy shines brightly on the horizon like a new dawn, was marching quite incautiously into the apartment itself to case the joint—utterly untroubled by the thought that I might be about to confront a real mental case who could conceivably be armed with anything from a fistful of toothpicks to an AK-47. Tif followed. Dave, bringing up the rear, only noticed our watcher due to the fact he happened to glance oh-so-casually out across the parking lot as we were going inside. I never saw Dave cut and run towards the fence behind which the fellow was lurking (he reportedly took to his heels, peeling off in a late-model Chevy or Olds or something as Dave was attempting to vault the fence). I only saw him several minutes later as he came into the apartment, pulling splinters from his palm and admonishing me, "The next time you see me run, follow me, okay?" I suddenly felt measurably less studly.

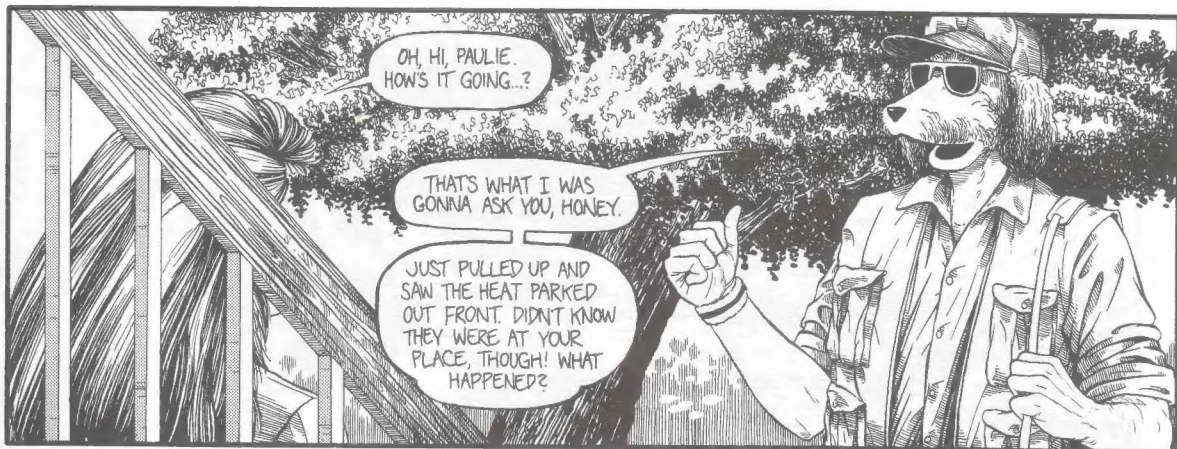
People have always asked me just how much of *Snowblind* is based upon real-life, and how much is fiction. This question is answered in detail in the introduction to the trade paperback (what? you mean you haven't ordered it yet? turn back to the inside-front-cover and get the lead out, ya lammers!). What I've found interesting over the years as I've been learning how to be a writer, is the process of combining fact and fiction to create a stirring story in the first place. I'm of the school of thought that nothing matters in a story if you don't have characters; even good plotting can become a rote exercise in pointlessness if the people inhabiting your world don't matter to your audience. And how do you create good characters? By living your life and by paying attention, Spanky, that's how. By observing people around you, by making as many friends in as many walks of life as you possibly can. Simply welcome people to you, and you will know how to create good characters. Period. Not long after the dust had settled from this incident, and Tif and I were officially an item, did the three of us, sitting around one night, get to talking about it. And Dave, I remember, turned to me with that little grin of his and said, "Oh, well, I'm sure that night'll go into *Hepcats* someday." Yeah, that was an easy bet, Dave.

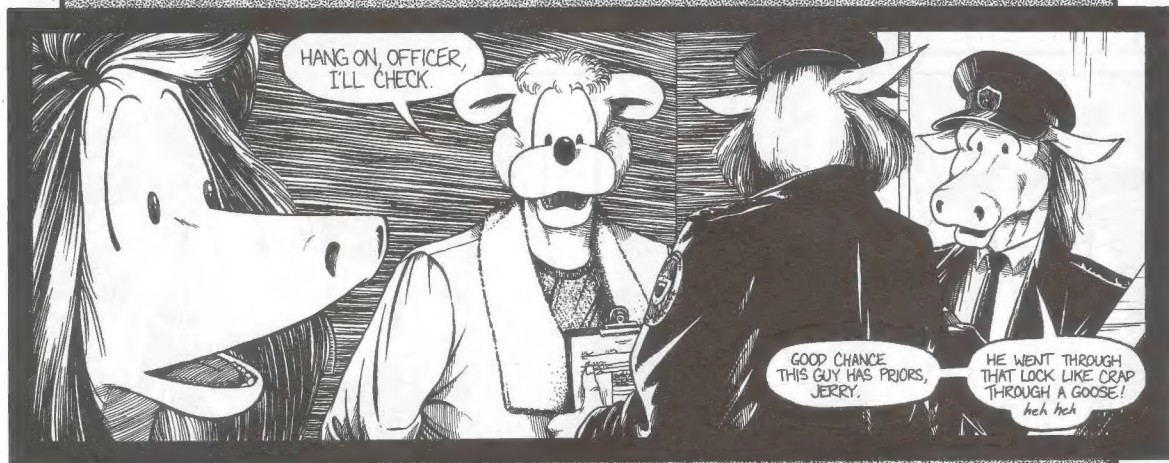
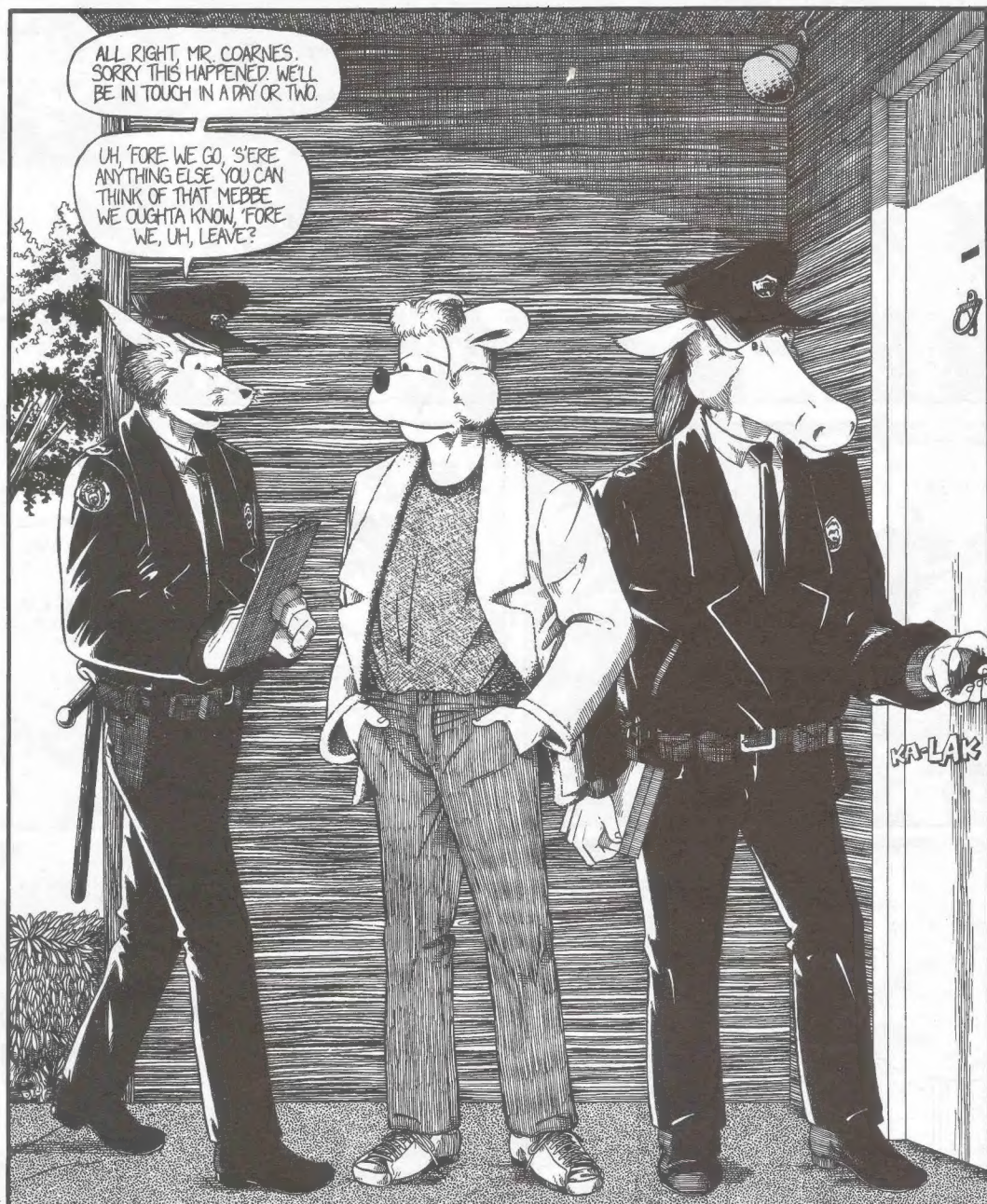
There was a sense of innocence in those days. Everything was in the future, exciting, bursting with endless possibilities. And that's another reason I've been enjoying doing these reprints for you, gang; because by digging into my past like this, I get to relive those feelings of joy. Today, yeah, I know, I made a lot of naive and stupid choices, but the happiness at the time was a euphoria that it seems to get harder to capture as you get older, wiser, more cynical. (Vide my new story *Way of the World*, for instance.) And it helps get things revved up whenever I'm feeling down and out, so that the future looks bright once again.

I really ought to look up Dave's number....











COULDN'T
GET A
CLEAN SET
O' PANTS,
THOUGH.

ERICA?



DO YOU--?
OH...HI, PAULIE.

ARN!

HOWZIT GOIN, BUD?
LONG TIME NO SEE!

YER OLD LADY WAS
TELLIN' ME ABOUT HER
BREAK-IN, HERE!



UH, YEAH, WELL,
IT WAS, UH...

PAULIE'S BEEN
TELLING ME ABOUT
HIS UZI.

YEAH! SWEETEST
ADDITION TO MY COL-
LECTION SINCE
THAT CIVIL WAR
MUSKET!

'COURSE,
NOW WE GOT
A BURGLAR
AROUND, I'D
BETTER HIDE
'ER AWAY,
HUH?



JESUS CHR--!

HOW THE HELL
DID YOU GET YOUR
HANDS ON AN
UZI!?

AWW, YOU CAN GET A
SEMI-AUTOMATIC ANYWHERE
BUT IF YOU KNOW THE RIGHT
PEOPLE...

HELL, I
BETTER COOL
IT WITH THESE
COPS AROUND,
heh heh...



HEY, Y'ALL WANNA COME UP AN' SEE IT? I CAN—

NO, ACTUALLY, PAULIE, TODAY'S NOT REAL GOOD, MAYBE

OH... *heh*, YEAH, OBVIOUSLY. WELL, LISSSEN, ERICA! IF I SEE ANYBODY MESSIN' AROUND YOUR PLACE, I'LL GIVE 'EM A NINE-MILLIMETER ENEMA, Y'HEAR?

THAT'S VERY SWEET, PAULIE.

SEE YA 'ROUND PAULIE.!

sigh

ERICA...

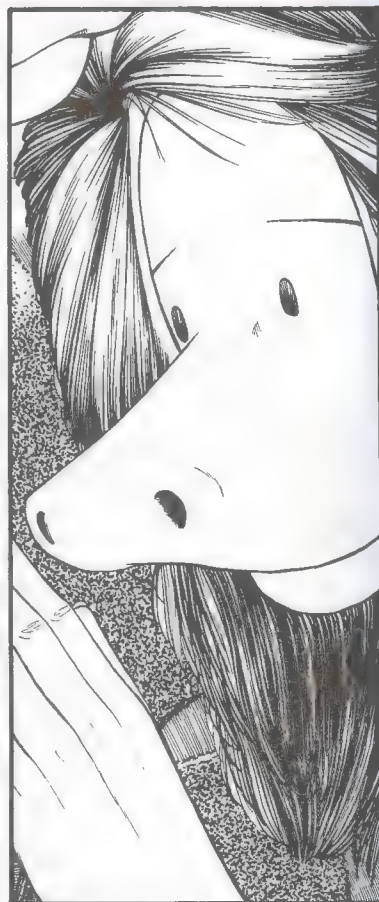


YEAH, BABY?

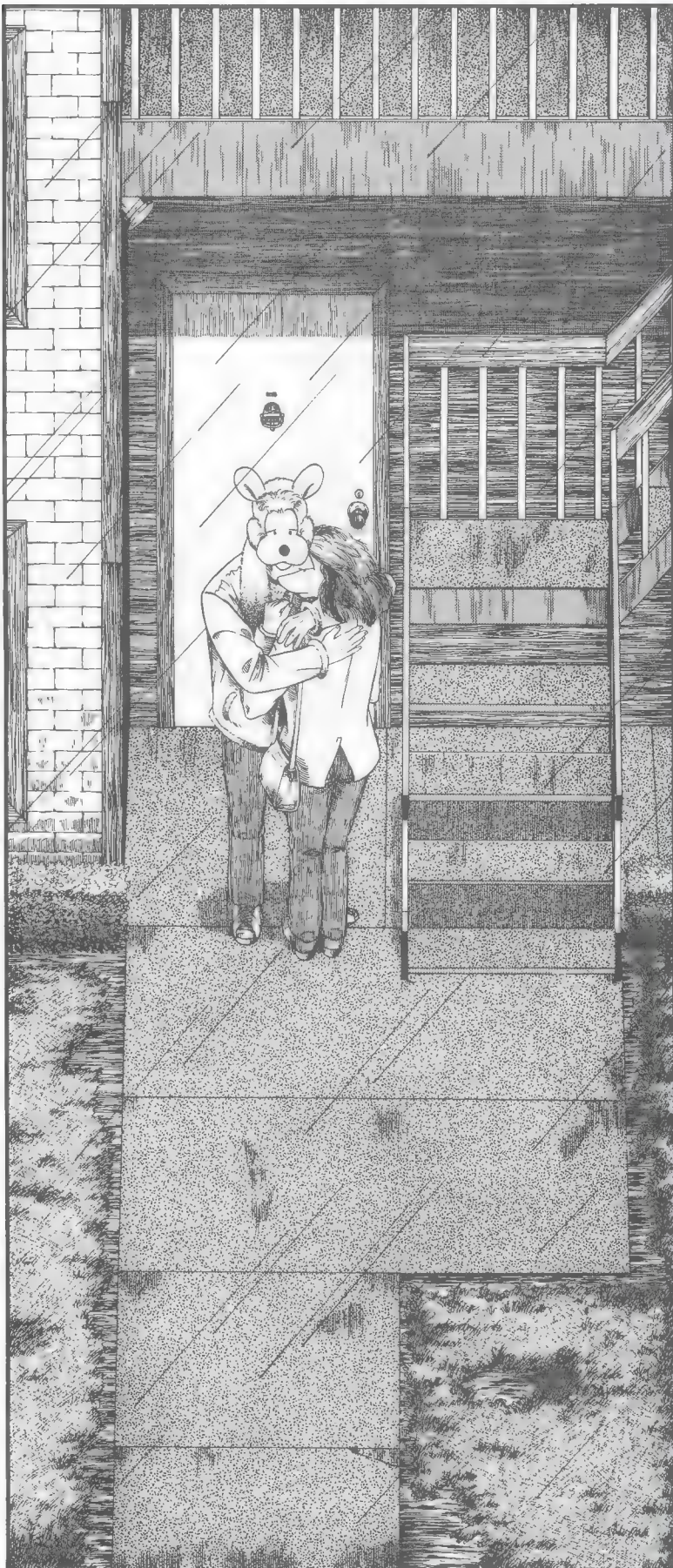


THE POLICE WANT TO KNOW IF THERE'S ANY OTHER INFORMATION WE CAN GIVE THEM.

LIKE, ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T REMEMBER THIS... THIS GUY'S NAME?

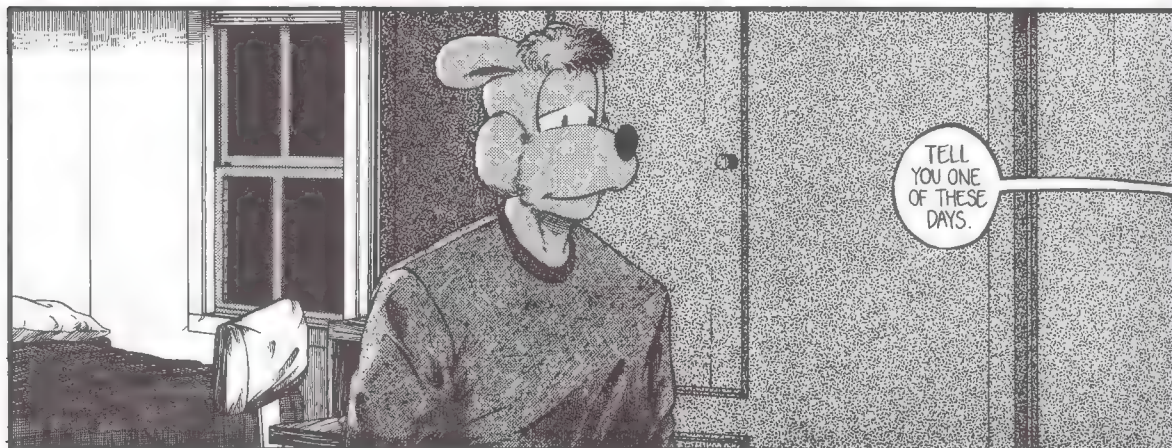
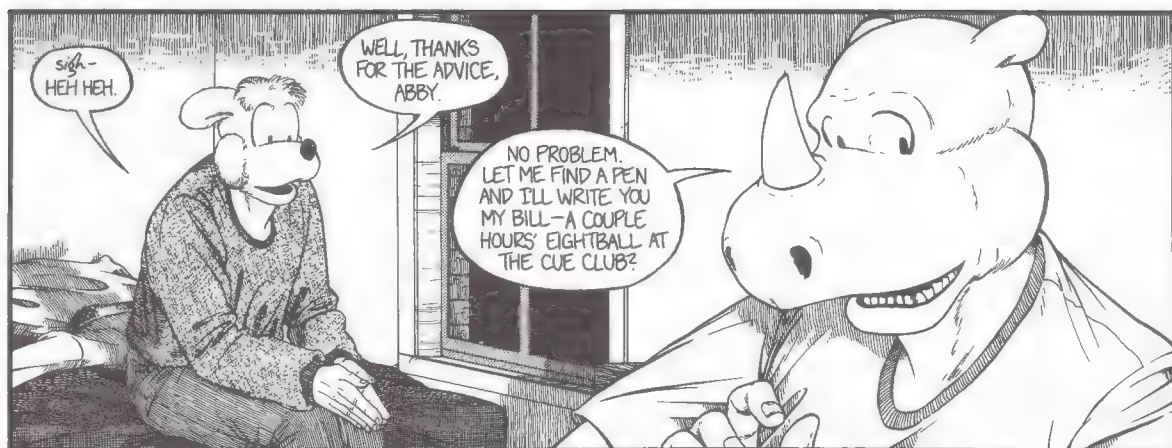


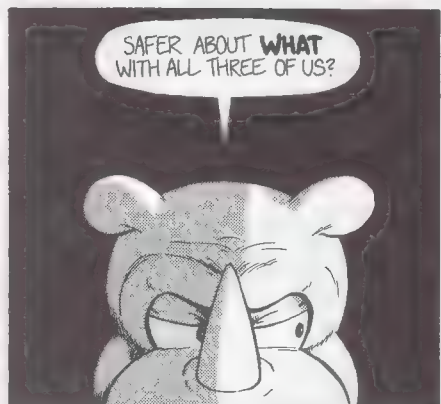
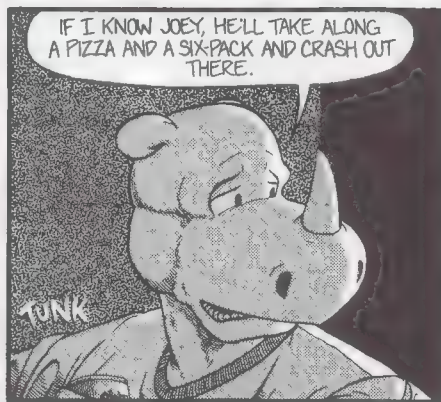
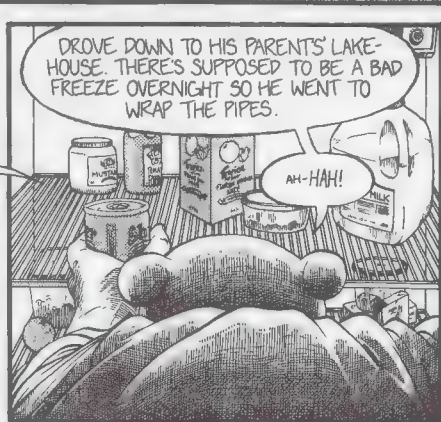


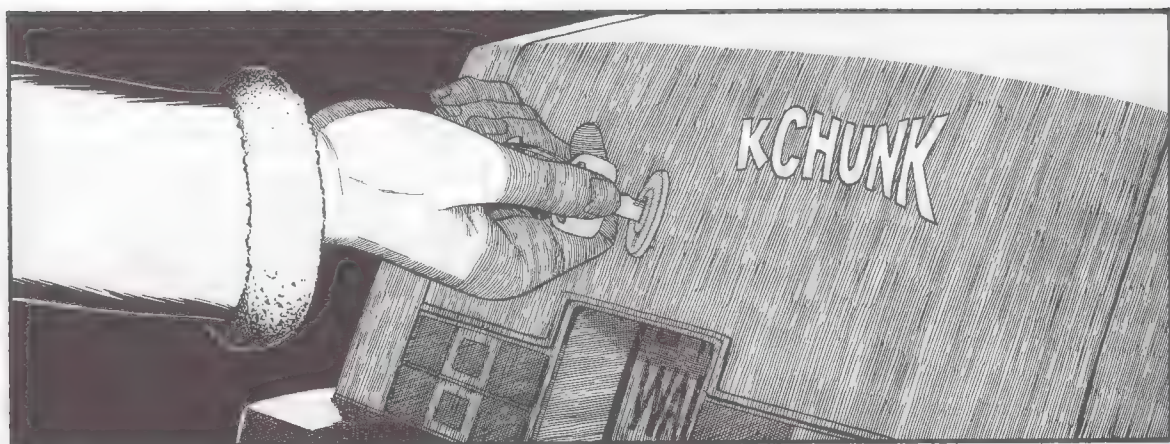






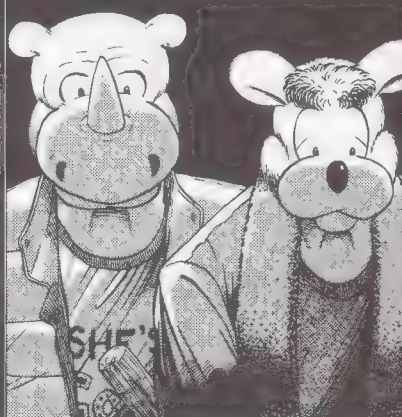








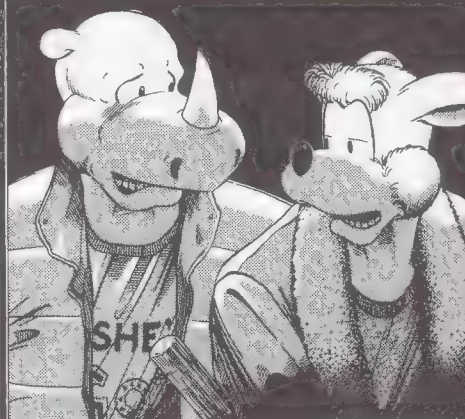
KLIK LAK



SQUEEEEEE!

THERE! YOU SEE?
NOBODY'S HERE.

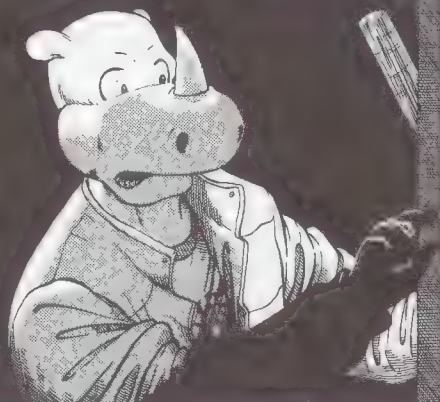
GO GET THE CLOTHES!

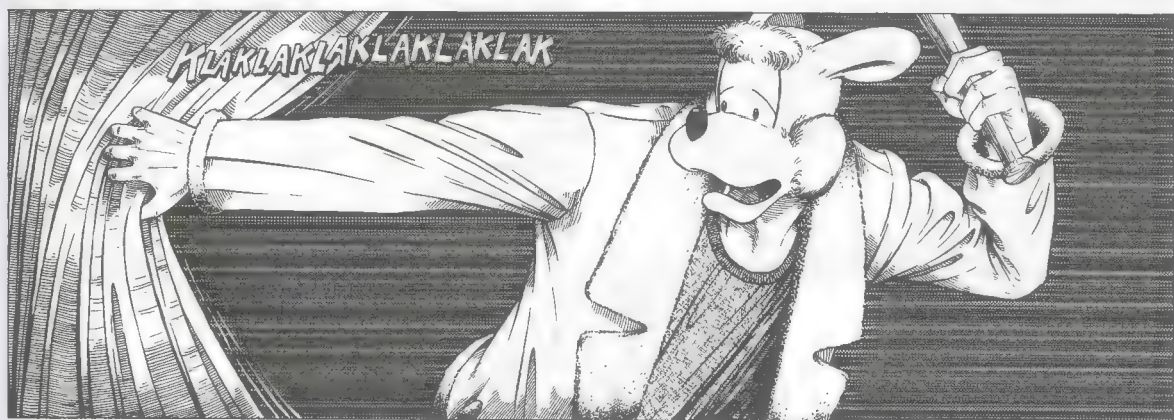
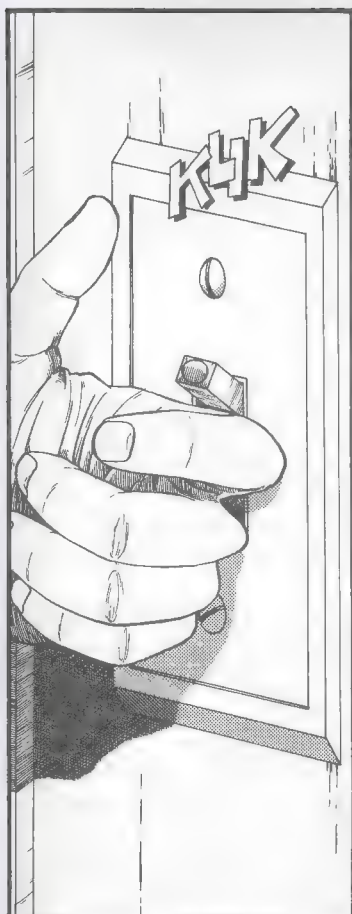


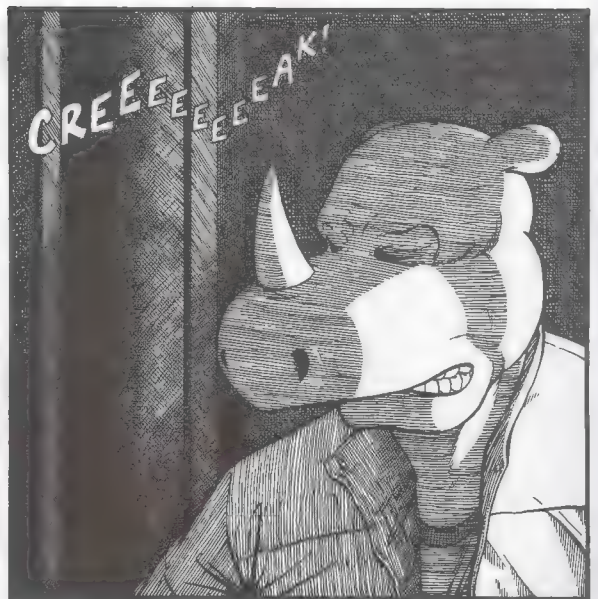
YOU CHECK THE
BEDROOM WHILE I
CHECK THE BATHROOM.

-WHAT?!

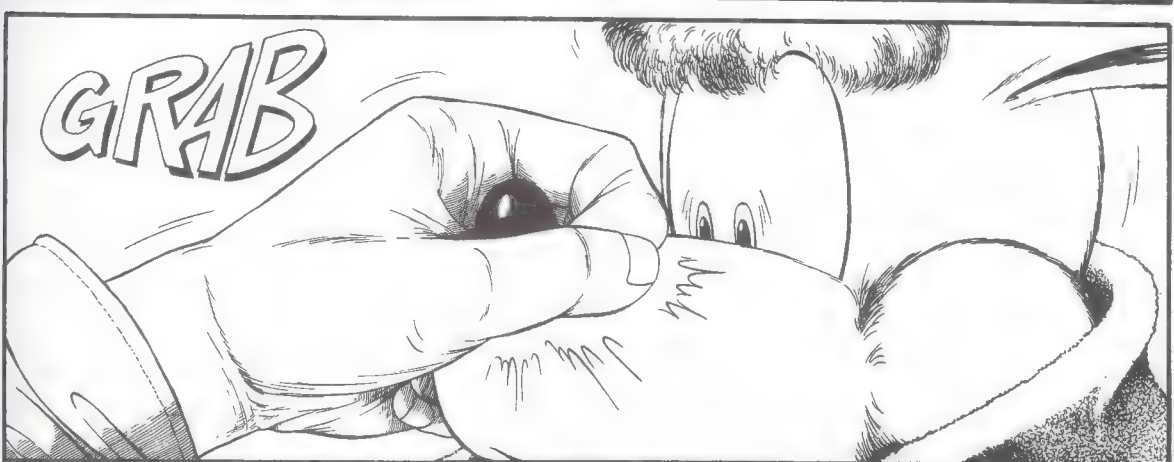
ARNIE!

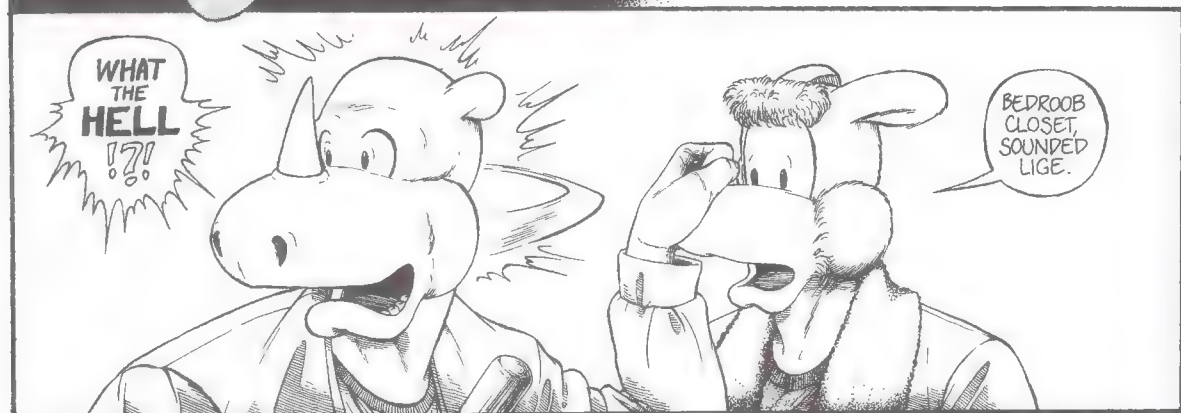


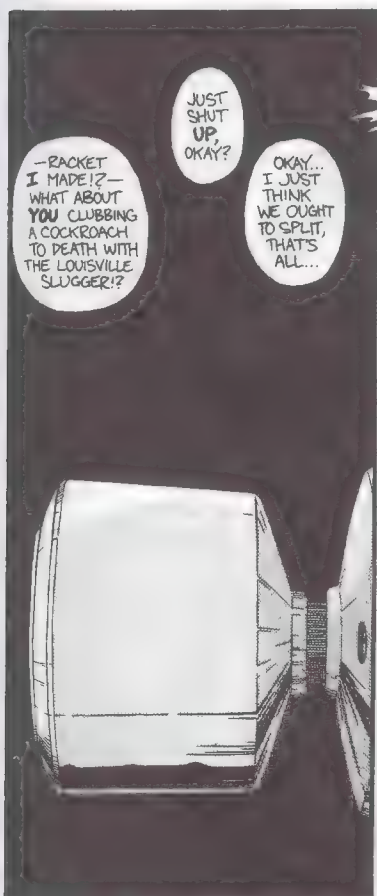


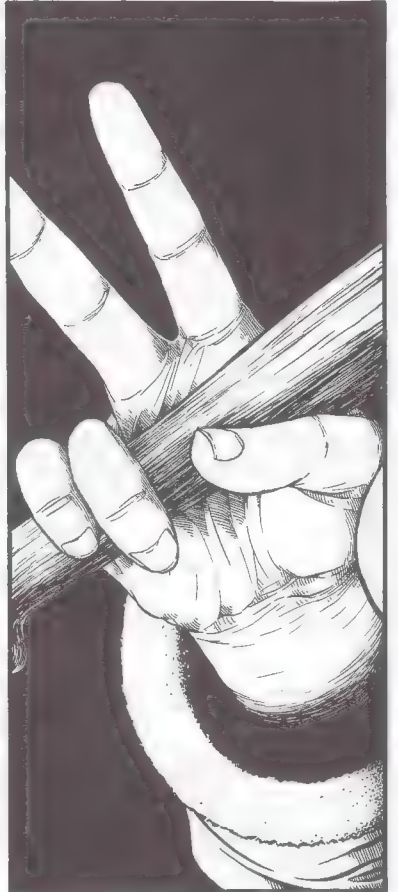
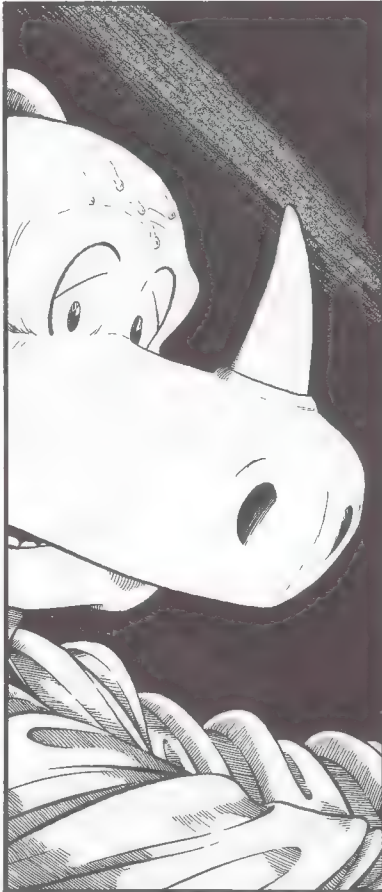
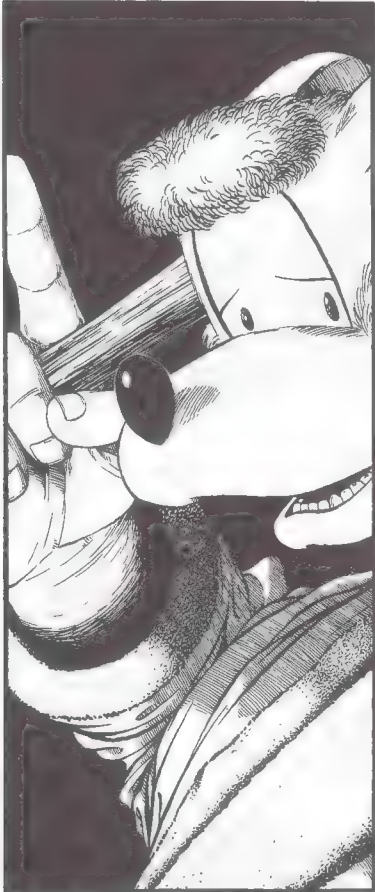
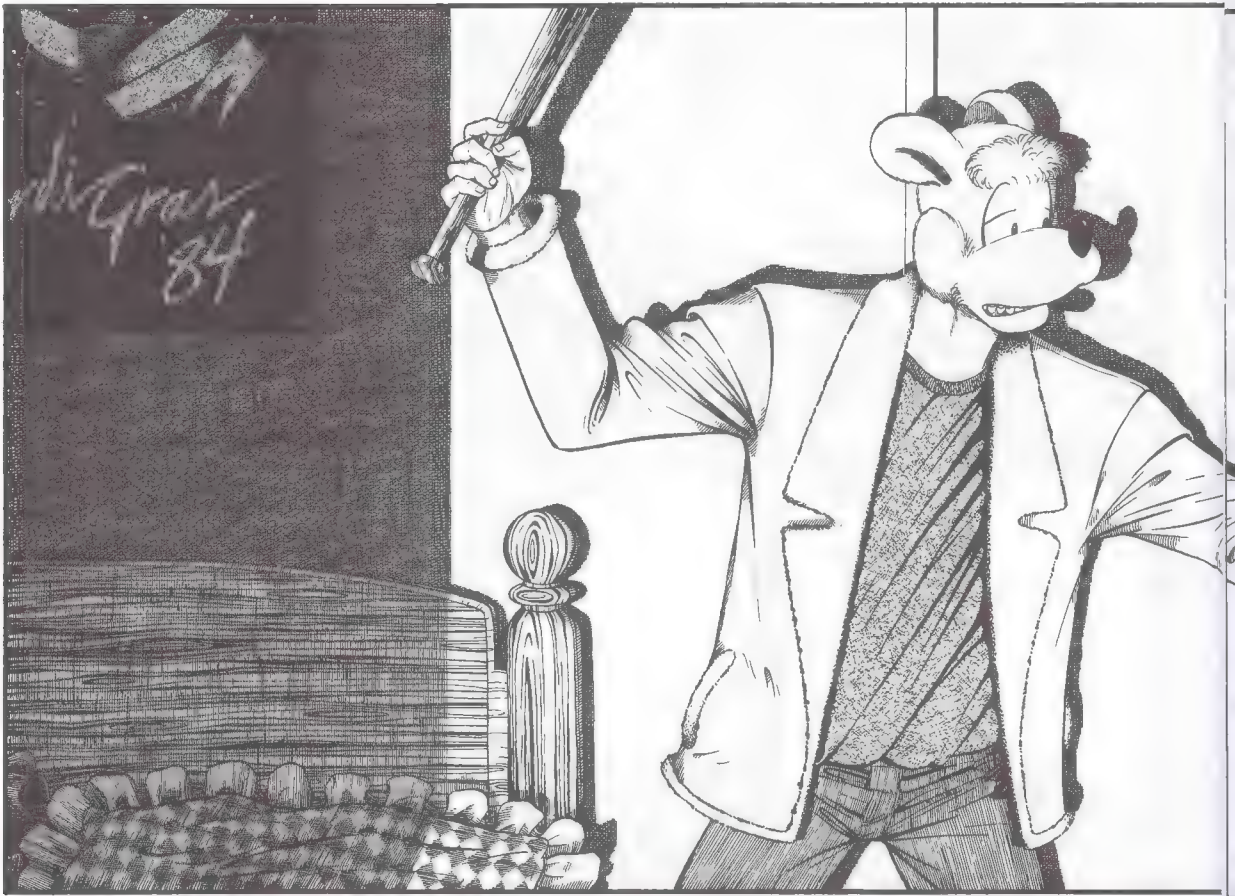


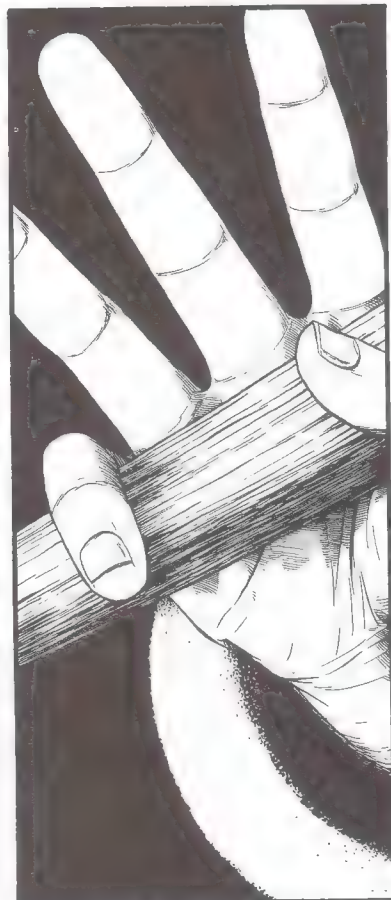
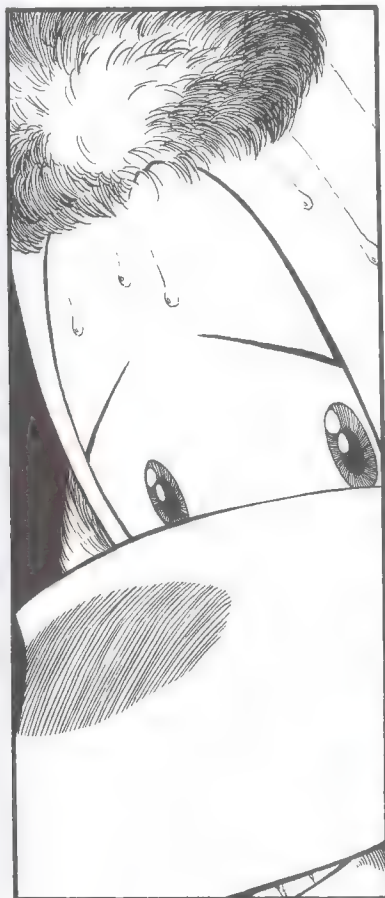
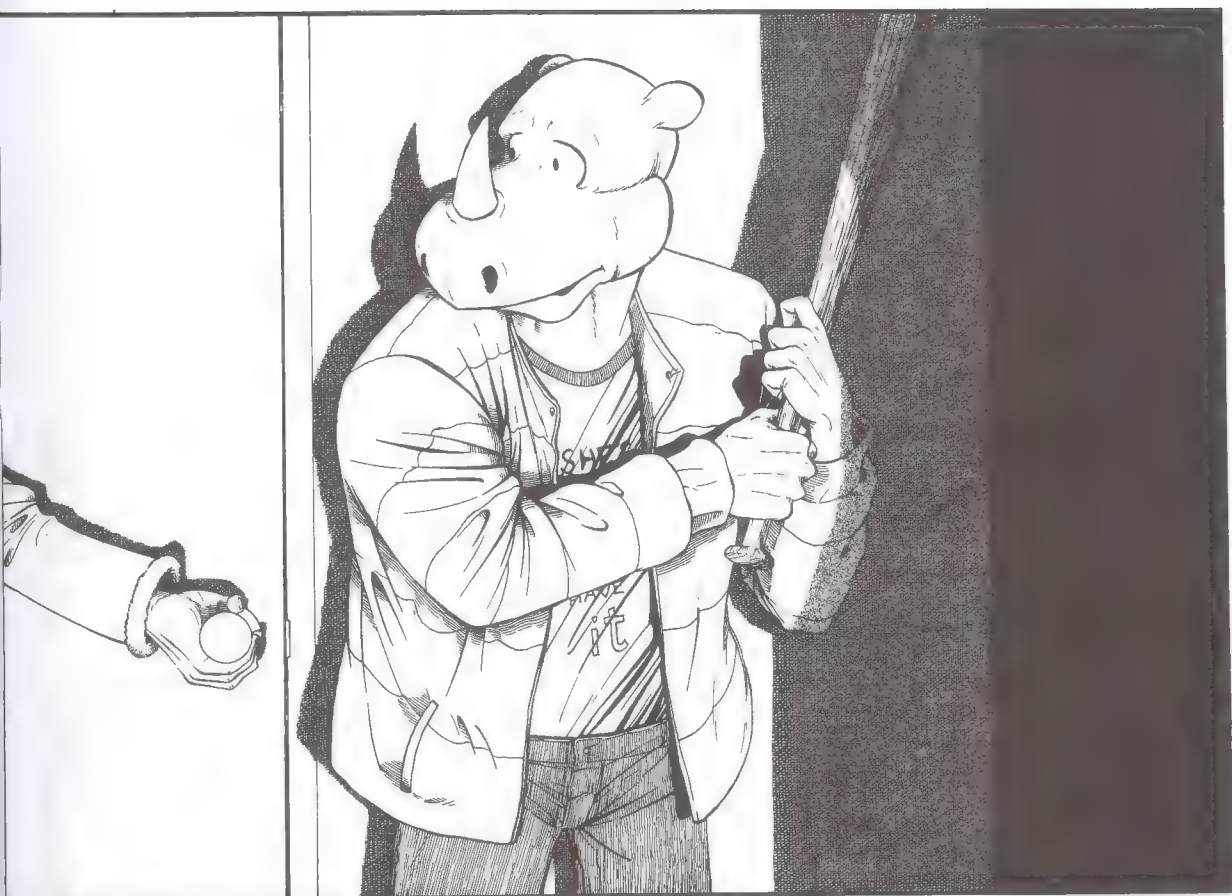
SHIT!
BAM
BAM
BAM

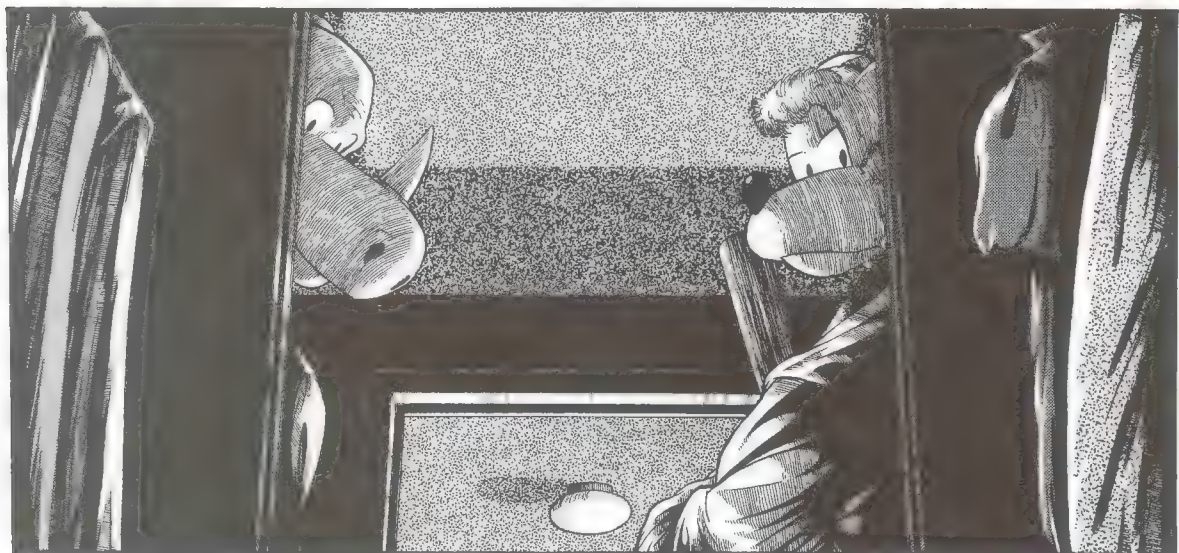
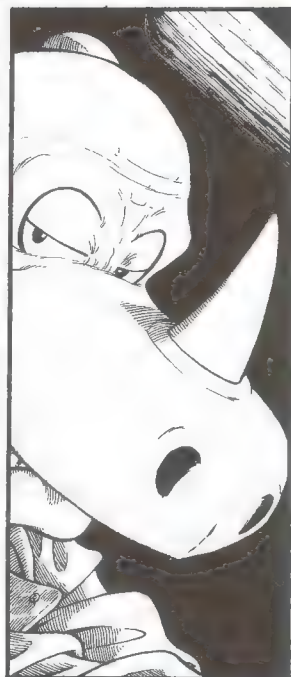
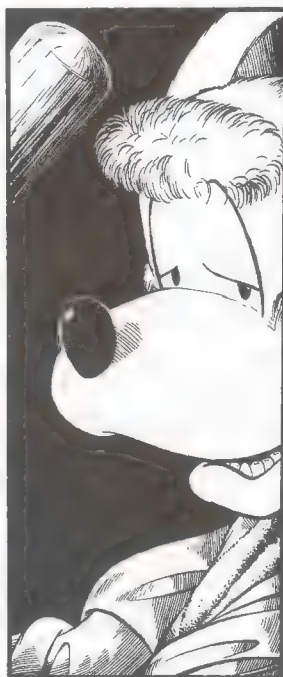
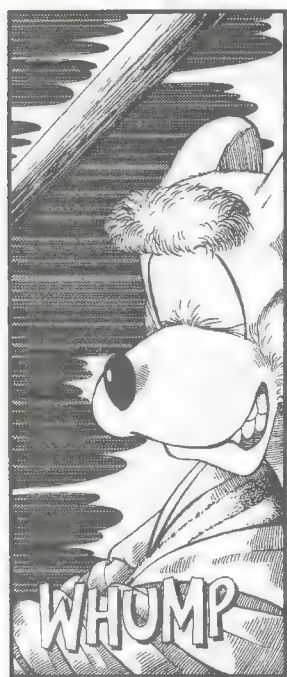












RRIIINNG

RRIIINNG

...HUNH?

RRIII-

KLIK

H-yawn-
HELLO?

HI-IT'S ME.

PLEASE DON'T
HANG UP!

sigh-

WHAT DO YOU
WANT, KEVIN?





